

Blissing Me

Björk

All of my mouth was kissing him
Now, into the air, I am missing him
Is this excess texting a blessing?
Two music nerds obsessing

He reminds me of the love in me
I'm celebrating on a viral sea
Sending each other MP3s
Falling in love to a song

This handsomest of recommend
He asked if I could wait for him
Now, how many lightyears is interim
While I fall in love with his songs?

His hands are good in protecting me
Touching and carressing me
Well, would it be trespassing
Wanting him to be blissing me?
Probing in and out of his ears

Lift under like suspension
My longing has formed its own skeleton
Bridging the gap between singletons
Sending each other's these songs

The interior of these melodies
Is perhaps where we are meant to be
Our physical human fantasies
I just fell in love with his song

So, I reserve my own intimacies
Abandon 'em all in packages
My woe and longing are too visceral
Did I just fall in love with him?